

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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Editor

LAUDABLE LEXINGTON ENTERPRISE.

The new dry goods house of Messrs. Berkley, Guthrie & Watson, on Jordan's Row, in this city, is one of the most substantial evidences of the genuine spirit of enterprise that is claimed for Lexington. As a model of elegance, comfort and convenience, in all the substantial appliances and minutia and detail of a place for ladies to do dry goods shopping, this elegant new building hardly has its counterpart in Kentucky or Cincinnati.

There are houses in Cincinnati that cost far more, of course, but excepting Shillito's, I know of none there that are so thoroughly lighted and ventilated as this one in Lexington, and it is a fact, that in many Cincinnati houses, purchasers of dry goods are compelled to purchase more by faith than by sight in examining textures. It may be that to those who are personally acquainted with the proprietors of Cincinnati houses, and who are residents of Cincinnati, those houses will offer inducements fully equal to any that Messrs. Berkley, Guthrie & Watson can offer here, but it is almost absolutely certain that they will not do as well for the Bluegrass dealers, as every motive of high, gentlemanly instinct and sound business policy will prompt this Lexington firm to do for those same dealers.

That I should naturally feel a predilection for our citizens is a soft impeachment to which I plead guilty, but as a business statement, I will say that I have been so engaged as to require me to go from one to the other of every prominent dry goods house in Cincinnati and talk with the proprietors, and that in none of them have I met gentlemen whose personal deportment and evidences of taste and business qualification have more pleasantly impressed me than have these qualities in the firm now under consideration.

The site for the building has been most judiciously selected—the house facing on the elegant new Court House and yet just so far removed from the old dry goods localities as to give it a pleasant individuality, without making it inconveniently remote.

The house externally and internally has all the beauty of architectural proportion, of permanence, of utility and adaptability. A competent architect in this city, where there is such rivalry in that department, and where the success of architects is based fairly upon their merits, has been given abundant time, free scope, and good wages to exhibit his skill, and has done so. The interior wood-work is all of cherry, and has been finished in the most ornate style. Visitors can go from one story to another by elegant stairs or by a handsome hydraulic elevator, at their option, and ladies have an elegant and retired lunch room in the third story, where they can rest and leave their wrappings.

The house is now stocked with goods appropriate for the season, and will soon send its representative East to select a new stock of Spring goods that will be thoroughly in keeping with the elegant establishment in which they are to be sold.

LEXINGTON MUSICIANS IN BERLIN.

A criticism of the musical performances of Misses Mary, Carrenna, and Lucy Campbell,

of this city, warrants us in believing that these talented ladies may soon contribute as much to the fair fame of Lexington as Miss Mary Anderson has done, and Miss Currie Duke can do for Louisville.

The criticism has been made by some one who heard their musical entertainment in Berlin, and where it is generally known they are prosecuting their musical education with such a devotion and natural ability as will justify the music loving world here in anticipating such a feast when they come upon the stage here, as has not yet been given by any artists born in the Western country.

Misses Mary, Carrenna and Lucy Campbell are studying respectively the piano, violin and violoncello. None but artists of the highest style are heard in the highest circles in which they perform. Musical criticism there is a matter of fact rather than of compliment and sentiment, and musical critics are as chary of their opinions in their departments as members of the learned professions are of their opinions in this country. And yet under these circumstances, these young ladies have stood the ordeal of criticism of the most advanced city in the world, perhaps, in musical cultivation.

The years of labor and devoted perseverance that have been necessary to make the musical artists who have gained the applause of the world, are scarcely appreciable to those unskilled in this art, and perhaps no American women have ever combined with their natural ability, the assiduity and singleness of purpose that these ladies have. There is no little of the heroic in that spirit which will make young girls turn their backs upon the allurements of young society, and with a great and ennobling aim in view, determine "to do or die," as truly as did the heroes of Balaklava.

We can but feel a pride in claiming such instances of devotion to purpose, as specimens of our Kentucky womanhood, and yet the sacrifice of home, and friends, and the social enjoyments of youth seem almost too great to justify us in stimulating others to emulate their examples.

They will return to Lexington next summer, and will go upon the stage, and not merely the Bluegrass region, but the State of Kentucky, can honor herself in honoring them.

DUROODE—GRATZ.

Some Animadversions on the Imbroglio.

I bought a new weed scythe last summer. It was a daisy cutter, and death on weeds. When I got through the weeds I tackled some elm sprouts in a fence row. They had been cut down several times with an ax and were as hard and knotty as the dickens. I went for them vigorously, and never thought about any thing but downing those sprouts until I had cleaned out the whole capoodle. Then I dropped the little end of the sneed upon the ground and started to put my arm over back of the bright new blade to rest on it, and saw it was "gapped" from point to heel. Maybe you think I didn't moralize over that some. If you do you think a mistake. Dollars were mighty scarce, I was eight miles from town, and had more weeds to cut, and honor bright, I like to have cried. But I had a boss grindstone, a regular hummer. I unrigged that blade and put it on that grindstone, and with a nice pedal I made it buzz. When I got through it was as good as new, and when I swung it over my shoulder again, and walked out into the woods, it

seemed to me that the weeds, like Davy Crockett's coon, just tumbled over before I got there.

Now I am going to stick the BLADE into another knotty subject. It may be that when it gets through it will be worse hacked than a jig saw that has run against a nail, but it is going in all the same. The racket may be a little rough, but time is a regular \$7 De-Long grindstone that will smooth the hacks. If I say anything that is not true, and any body knows it is not, let him print my words in any newspaper in town, and right below it say, "that's a lie," and sign his name like a little man.

In the DeRoode-Gratz affair, now under trial in the Fayette Circuit Court, I know all the parties and their antecedents, like a book. Prof. DeRoode has done wrong, very wrong, but there was enough "method in his madness," to show that he was not crazy by a jug full. I will not descend upon his error, because that has been thoroughly done by Mr. Gratz on the witness stand, and by one of the sharpest Commonwealth's Attorneys in America, both of whom living in "glass houses" pelted the defenceless head of their unbefriended victim as remorselessly as Mr. Gratz's Jew forefathers would have done the woman "taken in the act," except they (the Jews) had enough of conscience to be restrained by the words, "let him that is without fault among you."

If you can conceive of Lexington editors as being "nominated" as candidates who were to get their heads cracked, "subject to the action" of the Democratic editors, and with the franchise limited to this municipality, Bro. Gratz would be elected by an overwhelming majority. The Press, his next door neighbor would "take the stump" for him, and fly his name in capitals big enough for a circus "ad." The Blade would want a square election, but would have decided convictions upon the subject, and would vote early. The Observer would be his personal friend, but if DeRoode had his tuning hammer, hanging like some kind of a Damocles sword arrangement over the head of Bro. Gratz, and it had to come down on his head, or that of any other newspaper man in town, every paper in the burg would say, let her slide; DeRoode, and some editors would smile audibly in their sleeve, and wink out of the north east corner of their left optic.

Some time ago a man stood behind a pile of goods boxes on Main street, in this city, and when another man came along the pavement he shot him, and when the wounded man fell upon the pavement, he shot him again—so it was told to me, but I never heard the evidence. The man that did the shooting was kin to a daily paper in this town, and had influential kin folks living in fine houses all over the city and county. The courts and juries decided that it was all right, on what grounds I do not know; probably that the man did not really mean any harm, but was only joking, or something of that kind. Now, DeRoode reads the newspapers, and he thought he would try that thing on, on a smaller scale. So he gets what they called a "tuning fork" first, then a "tuning hammer." I have seen the thing, it's a kind of a do funny that you use to tune a piano, but since Cain killed Abel, history has never until this time, recorded an instance of a man taking one to kill a man with. The tuning hammer is a contraption lik

one of those old fashioned "pullicans" they used to pull teeth with, or a boss cork screw, or something of that sort, and is no more kin to a sledge hammer, as you would suppose from reading the Gazette's account of it, than a tooth pick is kin to a crow bar. Well, the Professor snaked up behind Bro. Gratz and went for him with the tuning hammer. DeRoode is one of the smartest men the Bluegrass region; but that was the biggest fool thing that he ever did since he came to America. He got that newspaper racket all hind part before, for he was not only not kin to any newspaper himself, but the man he tapped had a newspaper all of his own, which many old style country gentry read four times as much as they do their Bibles, while on the other hand, it is a remarkable fact that DeRoode is the only Amsterdam Dutchman in Lexington, or Fayette County; the Germans, who are often ignorantly confused with the Dutch, having no more dealings with Dutch than Jews with Samaritans. The result of the thing is, that the son who came to the assistance of the father, and was remotely accessory, has been punished more than the average Kentuckian who kills some fellow as dead as a mackerel, and I heard an intelligent man say the other day that the father "ought to be put in the penitentiary for life."

There are some facts about this case that are of interest. If DeRoode had to fight Bro. Gratz in some way, the one he selected would be the only one in the world left him. He is so near sighted that he could not hit a barn door fifteen feet off with a shotgun, and if he had a nose as long as Col. G. Y. Johnston's, he could not see the blossom on the end of it without using an opera glass. Bro. Gratz and I have both been farmers, and we have more muscle than brains. I will bet a year's subscription to the Blade against a jug of buttermilk that a man could take a fine comb and scoop hay seed out of Bro. Gratz's hair now.

The Professor was educated for a priest, and has devoted his whole life to books and music, and has more brains than muscle. If DeRoode had walked up in front of Bro. Gratz and proposed a fair fight, Bro. Gratz would have knocked him into a cocked hat, or the middle of next week, before you could bat your eye. I could whip two DeRoodes and his boy just to give me an appetite for my breakfast, but I would walk around four squares pretty lively before I would tackle Bro. Gratz; or if cornered by him, would use all the logic in my shop to decide an issue with him before I would resort to this arbitrament of physical prowess.

The life work of Prof. DeRoode has been as far above that of Editor Gratz as the heavens are above the earth. One is a sheet of beautiful music, the other a sheet of rampant stallions. More happy hearts have marched to the altar, and "more sad hearts have been solaced at the bier, under the symphonied thunder of De Roode's organ, than that of any man perhaps in the State of Kentucky. My wife and my sister learned music under him, and the best wives and the best sisters all over this country have done the same, but it has remained for the editor of the Gazette to reflect upon his trustworthiness in such a position by the state ment, as I understand, that De Roode desecrated the very chancel of Christ Church in this city, by a worse than the "abomination of desolation in the holy place, spoken of

by Daniel the prophet. Who so readeth let him understand." They said DeRoode burnt his jewelry store, but the insurance company paid for it all the same. They said he cheated at cards for money. I don't know about it, but it sounds like some fellow who had got scooped and squealed. I can beat any country gentleman in the county, except Messrs. Arthur Peter and William Warren, at chess, but I wouldn't tackle Herr Zuckertaut nor Mr. Henry Loevenhart. I can beat any body in the world playing backgammon, except my wife, but I don't know "B from bull foot," in cards. But if I did know cards and should go in to win, I would not stand upon the order of my going. I would stuff trumps up my sleeve like a Chinaman, because, with my conception of the moral code, the difference between an honest game of cards for money and a cheating one, is so sharp that you could whittle a pine knot in a goods box with it.

But while I am on the subject of cards I will make a clean deal. Every body knows about Bro. Gratz's Cheapside club. It has some of the finest gentlemen in the city in it, and there is nothing but plate glass between them and the outer world, and every body knows it is only a social game, but all of us miss one from that group who stood as high as any of those that are left, and who showed me more personal friendship than any man in Lexington has ever done. We know what that social game did for him, all the same. Not long ago a fearful affliction befell Bro. Gratz; one regarded by good men as the saddest that any man can suffer. I love to see Stoicism in a man when some good demands it. I have known Prof. DeRoode from the time he came to this country, and I have known his wife from her young ladyhood, as born of the best parents, and reared to make her the model woman that she is. If she had died and I had seen her husband a short time afterward slapping down spades, and jacks, and queens, and trumps, with an avidity apparently oblivious of all else in heaven or on earth, I would have said DeRoode was drunk or crazy.

Then Mr. Gratz, born of a Jew, but one who was "an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile," a grand "old block" of whom it is impossible to conceive that the subject of these animadversions is a "chip," a noble sire of whom this is a son—Bro. Gratz, editor of the Gazette, who rolls profanity as a sweet morsel under his tongue; yea, as a quid of "star plug," charges Mr. DeRoode from whose lips I have never heard an unclean word or an oath, with being an infidel. Mr. Gratz, who could not, to save his life from that horrible imaginary gallows that he got up for John Bush, repeat any three verses in the Old or New Testament Scriptures, charges Mr. DeRoode, who has made so much elegant music for the biggest and finest churches here, with being an infidel. If you will pull music as a prop from under the modern fashionable ecclesiasticism, you may kill Col. Ingersoll, and I could tumble down the whole structure by myself, like Samson did the temple. And what has Mr. Gratz to show to offset it, and justify that haughty with which he thanks God that he is not as other men, nor yet as this poor publican. I never heard but one thing about it, and that was that a few days ago, he refused to give \$5 to a church here because it had not sympathized with him in the DeRoode affair. If he is an infidel I never heard it before, and I would stand a pretty good chance to know. I

have been all along down in that valley; have eaten its bitter herbs, and have walked barefoot over its stones and thorns, and there never was but one hand that reached out to me far enough for me to catch hold of, and that was a woman's. The first time I ever saw Mr. DeRoode was when he was seventeen years old, and he alone was defending his Catholic faith against three prominent Protestant ministers, and stunned them and those that heard him, and made me, a boy, think of how the twelve year old Nazarene disputed with the doctors in the temple.

I was never in Mr. DeRoode's house but once. It was after the cloud had come over my life's sky, and I could not see through it, and and up into heaven, as plainly as other folks said they could. There was an elegant party at the house of the Professor, and there was music and dancing, and talk and laughter; but when we came into the elegant supper table, he called them to sit and asked that I should, for then thank the Giver of daily bread for those good things, and I did so.

I am going to tell you a little incident that will be recognized as true by a good many people who will read this. It will involve a practical question. Everybody admits the right of the church to send a man to the devil because he don't believe something, and I am not going to raise any row about that, because I want to go into a pool with the ministers, if they will give me a square deal, in their work against the liquor traffic, and about half dozen more things, as soon as we get that fixed up all right. But if it is going to be the case that a man under trial in a Fayette County Court is going to have his case damaged because he is not religiously orthodox, we all ought to know whether we are going to be examined out of the catechism or the Bible. Business is business. We will want an examining board and certificates that we have passed muster. When it all gets fixed I will rub up in some of the hardest questions, and see if I cannot pass, in case I should ever get into the hands of the court. If I pass, I will run the Blade right here; if I don't, I will move with my family to China, learn to write grim jokes in tea chest short hand, and publish the Blade alee same as Melican man, in Hong Kong.

I used to be a preacher. One day a smart young fellow came along, and told me that theology was so thin that it wouldn't hold shukes. No man could throw down that gauntlet to me. I told him to bring out his authorities, and I brought out mine. We read both sides, first one and then the other, for six weeks, day and night. When we got through we swapped sides. I baptised him in the baptistry of a nice, church in Versailles, closed the Bible and stepped down and out of the pulpit, and said I would not go up into it again until I got some kinks out of some of my ideas. I saw what was ahead of me, and it like to have killed me. I was younger and better looking than I am now, and there were lot of nice people in that congregation, and when I stood in that pulpit on Sunday, I looked out over the pretty girls and they looked like a flower garden, and some good sisters used to kinder hint to me that I might possibly get one of them, if I wanted one, to help me run that meeting house. It was a soft place, and the thought of giving it up was pretty bitter. About that time, a very popular minister that now gets a handsome salary in Lexington, and has done so for years, was proposed as a candidate for the position I occupied. Of course I was not very solicitous about the result, as I intended to go out any how, but when they came to vote on it, I got every vote in the congregation but one. Judge Richard Reid was a sample copy of the kind of men I was preaching to. I went home and worked on the farm as best I could, but it was pretty hard work for me. Years rolled on and I was fearfully under the ban. I wrote some pieces for the papers, and one of them "struck it rich" as dear, good Bro. Townsend says. Some old, country fellows cut it out and pasted it in their hats, and Bro. Gratz published it. I had had a job on a newspaper, but I had blown up the paper and got fired about something that I said about Tammany. I went to Mr. Gratz and asked him for employment. He said yes, he would like to have me, and offered me \$20 a month. I told him that would barely pay my board. He said he didn't care; and it was now or never. I went away, but was awfully hacked, and came back again and told him I would take it, but he

turned upon me and spurned me like I was a dog. The Gazette was at that time, and is now, one of the most prosperous papers in the State, and for the amount of brains put into it, was then and is now the most successful newspaper printed in the English language. Things looked so hard to me that I determined to make a heroic effort to get to believe things like every body else, and I dropped into the office of the minister now in Lexington, who had thought of taking my place in Versailles. I went in sorter accidental like, feeling pretty lowly, and flattering myself that I was a pretty good subject for a good, pious man to work on. He had a fine office, and easy chairs, and a nice fire, and plenty of nice clothes and books, and a darkey man to wait on him. I took a seat sorter like a man in a dentist's chair, and waited for him to begin on me. He pulled out a handful of fine cigars, and offered them to me. It was mighty nice and gentlemanly, but it was after I had got cured of tobacco, at Bro. Barnes "Pink Cottage," and I was not exactly hankering after tobacco, and I sauntered out sorter accidental, just like I came in. Now the only connection which this story has with the DeRoode-Gratz racket is this; that even if I admit that Mr. DeRoode is not as orthodox as he might be, I may be slightly, sorter, kinder in the same boat with him; and it would look a little hard to me, if under the circumstances of my case, I could not have as fair a show before a civil court as the solid Bro. Gratz.

Well, after all this had occurred between me and Bro. Gratz, I got on another newspaper, and one evening after all the newspapers had announced that there was going to be a nice time at Gratz Park, a place commonly supposed to belong to the city, a thousand or so of the nicest people in Lexington assembled at the big iron gates that Mr. Sanford gave to the Park, and waited to go in there. Bro. Gratz came up and walked around among the people waiting, and then, with the key in his pocket, went home, and left them to do the same. I descended on it in a newspaper, and he quit speaking to me. I got sorry and wanted to publish an apology, but the proprietor of the paper said I was right in the first place and would not let me do it. I went to a mutual friend of Bro. Gratz and myself, and through him sent an apology to the offended editor, but it didn't soften him. I met a member of Bro. Gratz's family, that this community has seen good cause to honor in a distinguished manner, and told him I wanted to make friends with Bro. G., but was, to my surprise, told by him that he himself was not on speaking terms with the gentleman; and by the way it is a fact, if I mistake not, that Bro. G. was not for years on speaking terms with his own father. I afterwards sent word by another editor to Bro. Gratz that I wanted to make friends with him, but he still walks by me like that man that "walked by on the other side," in the story of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. I have read the 18th chapter of Matthew set on him, and he can walk by just that way from now till the crack of doom if it suits him best. That's the variety of sardine that he is. Bro. DeRoode was the pioneer of classic music in the Bluegrass region, and to him more than to any man in the world, is this city and this community indebted for music's refining influences, and I simply ask in the name of justice that the public will give him a show for his white alley.

The Lexington Organized.

The Lexington Grooved Picket Fence Company was organized yesterday under a charter. The officers are: President, H. C. Clay; Vice President, J. M. Hocker, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, C. P. Harp; Superintendent, J. C. Smith. Directors: J. C. Smith, J. A. Stacey, H. C. Clay, J. M. Hocker, Jr., C. P. Harp. The capital stock is \$12,000, divided into 850 shares. The Company will commence operations next week as all the machinery will be in place by Wednesday. The Company will manufacture the Bremmerman patent fence, which has created such a favorable impression here. Enough orders have already been received to run the factory a month, turning out 250 rods per day. The factory will be the old Keller warehouse, near the C. S. freight depot. About forty hands will be employed. Branch factories will be established at other points in Kentucky, the Lexington Company having the entire State right. We are glad to note the addition of another important manufacturing enterprise to those already possessed by Lexington. The Company is composed of live, energetic and good business men, who are bound to succeed.